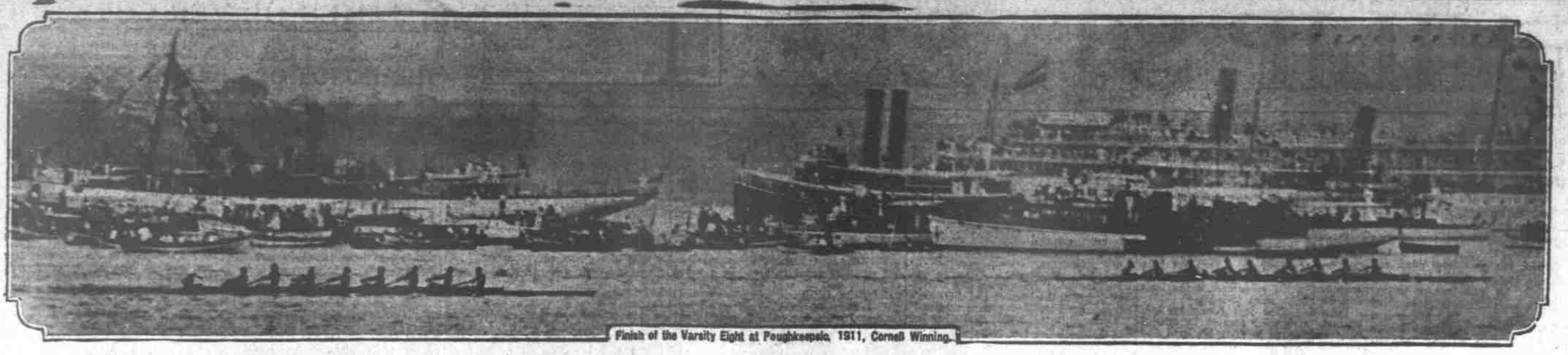

Finish of the Varsity Eight at Poughkeepsie, 1911, Cornell Winning.

# READY ALL?—GO!

## College Crews Are Primed for Their Four Mile Struggle in the Annual Race at Poughkeepsie on Saturday—Regatta Will Virtually Decide American Rowing Championship, as the Entry of Leland Stanford University Crew Makes It National in Scope—The Yale-Harvard Race

NOT a pleasing outlook for the professional manager—$100,000 outlay, 35,000 attendance and no admission fee—that is the skeletonized budget of the Poughkeepsie Rowing Regatta, which on next Saturday will be the centre of attention for all Americans interested in outdoor athletics.

There is little chance of an outlaw league setting up in competition with the stewards. Yet in spite of the heavy expense college rowing has never been so popular, and this year an eight oared crew from Leland Stanford University has come clear across the continent from California, making the regatta truly representative of all sections of the United States. Cornell, Columbia, Syracuse, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin are the other crews which will struggle for supremacy in a race which this year will undoubtedly decide the national championship of the country.

Cornell Varsity Eight, 1911.

Charles E. Courtney, Coach of Cornell.

Columbia Varsity Eight, 1911.

Pennsylvania Varsity Eight, 1911.

"Jim" Wray, Coach of Harvard

Princeton Varsity Eight 1911

Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth, Coach of Princeton.
Photo by Pictorial News Co.

"Jim" Rice, Coach of Columbia.

"Bob" Cook and "Jim" Rodgers, Coaches of Yale.
Photo by Pictorial News Co.

E. H. Ten Eyck, Jr.
Photo by Davis.

### An Inspiring Sight.

A man who has actually rowed in a varsity boat is the only person who can appreciate the feelings which animate an oarsman when he is face to face with the ordeal for which he has spent a year in preparation. Four miles is the race rowed by the eight crews at Poughkeepsie and New London. Something less than twenty minutes is the extent of the time required to cover this distance in one of those light shells which to the civilian eye seems so impossibly fragile.

Girls, whose attendance is in demand at all big athletic events, know more about the technique of the spectacle than they once did. Yet for many a young lady the race itself is but an incident in a pilgrimage to a quiet river town alive with its yearly display of welcome to college supporters who have come to cheer their crews. For the man with university affiliations the excitement is tense. The sight of two eights sweeping down a four mile course is a magnificent one. A Columbia graduate of wide experience in sporting activities has described the Poughkeepsie race, where six eight oared crews will struggle for supremacy, as the most inspiring in the world. But keen as a spectator's interest may be, it is impossible for him to appreciate the emotion which fills the breasts of the bronzed men who wait with oars poised for the starting pistol which will send them on the nerve racking journey.

Suppose the New York Giants and the Philadelphia American League team played just one game all last year. Suppose that the baseball stockholders suddenly became crazed and decided that a single afternoon should decide the championship of the world, and that in the meantime the two nines should play no other team, but simply prepare for one single contest. There was nervousness noticeable in the world's series last year. Men made mistakes which they would not have made in ordinary games. If they had simply one game to play in the whole year and all the rest of the time to prepare for it the chances are that the allotment of errors would have been as numerous as in a high school game.

These are practically the conditions under which the college crews row to the starting line on the big race days at Poughkeepsie and at New London. Most of them have participated in minor races during the spring, but these have been over courses of two miles or one mile and a half instead of four miles, and they have been taught to believe that, although they must win these minor contests or suffer all the ignominy of defeat, there is little glory in a victory. The one big race, the one big victory, is that at Poughkeepsie or New London, as the case may be. At best the crews have only rowed in three minor races and most of them have had experience in only one.

There has probably never been a man who knew more about the fine points of rowing than Charles E. Courtney, coach of the Cornell crew. It seems as though he had an extra sense when it comes to fitting out the narrow shell which so often carries the Cornell colors to the fore in the race at Poughkeepsie. A large, full muscled gray haired man, increasing years have failed to disguise the splendid physical equipment which in his youth made him the champion amateur oarsman of the country. An increase in avoirdupois and the exercise of a little more care when clambering the steep and icy hills of Ithaca in the dead of winter are the only changes apparent in him, despite the fact that he has seen sixty-two summers. An amateur oarsman for nine years and a professional for nine years more, he rowed one hundred and thirty-four races before he went out of competition. Only seven of the total number of races rowed resulted unfavorably to him. His success as a coach has been even more remarkable than the renown he won as an oarsman.

"The Old Man," as he is known, has made Cornell rowing, and has given to that university the unquestioned supremacy over all other colleges in America up to this year. The most ardent Cornell man will admit that without Courtney the college might never have been heard from as a factor in college oarsmanship. Seven out of the last ten Poughkeepsie races have been won by Cornell crews, and out of eight two mile races with Harvard crews in as many years the Cornell colors have come to the fore on seven different occasions.

The rowing knowledge he possesses is of course the foundation stone of his success as a coach, but there are many other factors which enter into it. He is in absolute control of rowing at Cornell, and no one, graduate or commodore, has anything to say in laying down the Cornell policy. He is a splendid judge of character. He is sympathetic and patient and he has mastered a style of rowing which, if results count for anything, must be admitted the most remarkable ever brought to perfection in this country. Modified slightly from year to year to suit the physical requirements of different crews, the Courtney stroke is in its main characteristics identical with the stroke which Courtney himself used when he entered his first amateur race, in 1888. The rowing devotee knows the Courtney stroke, and a technical description would puzzle the man who does not know rowing. To the layman Cornell crews never seem to be doing any work, yet behind every stroke there is terrific power.

### Stroke Important as Ever.

The recent race in which Cornell won from Harvard and Princeton on the Charles River proved that the stroke is as potent as ever and that the crew which wins from Cornell at Poughkeepsie this month will have to be a good one.

The university and the coach pressing Cornell and Courtney hardest are Columbia and "Jim" Rice. In the last five years—in fact, ever since Rice began instructing them—the Columbia crews have been close behind the winners at Poughkeepsie. Handicapped by the scattering influence of life in a big city and with a small undergraduate department to pick men from, Rice has produced varsity crews which have been entitled to rank with the best in the country. The word "if" is never advanced or accepted by a rowing coach after the loss of a race. It is the stern mandate of the oarsman that one must never go back of the results as long as an opponent's victory has been obtained by fair means. But there is a unanimous verdict among rowing critics that Columbia had already won the Poughkeepsie regatta last year when an unfortunate accident robbed the New York college of victory and forced it to finish the race with only seven men rowing.

The Columbia eight which has just finished its preliminary season is considered the best which Rice has turned out. Containing five men who were seated in the varsity eight last year, and recruiting its remaining members from the victorious freshman boat of 1911, the Columbia eight combines experience with power, and gameness with rowing technique. The first race of the season, the encounter with the United States Naval Academy, which was to have been rowed on the River Severn early in May, had to be cancelled because of the rough water which prevailed on the week end when the Columbia men journeyed down to Annapolis for the contest. The Columbia faculty refused to grant permission for the crew to remain in Annapolis an extra day. The next week, however, a spectacular victory over Pennsylvania and Princeton on Carnegie Lake was won by Rice's men, and this was followed by an impressive exhibition of power in the senior race of the American Henley, when they defeated the Union Rowing Club, of Boston, made up of one time Harvard oarsmen.

If any one can defeat Charles Courtney, Columbia men believe that "Jim" Rice is the coach who can accomplish the deed. A man younger than the Cornell mentor by many years, Rice is considered by many to be his logical successor in the rising generation of crew specialists. Rice is a man of few words. A stranger entering the Columbia crew house at Edgewater might think that the quiet observing individual watching the varsity put the shell in the water was a mere spectator of the proceeding. Yet each movement of muscular arm, each heave of shoulder registers its own individual impression in the mind of Rice. He is not such an extremist in the matter of mechanical perfection as is Courtney. The Columbia coach puts great reliance on the evidence of his own eyes in judging the worth of an oarsman. He is, however, a thorough master of rigging and a thorough master of men. Columbia men honor him as a man as well as an instructor, and his influence in the formation of character is everything which a university faculty could desire. On Memorial Day the Columbia varsity defeated the seasoned New York Athletic Club crew.

The letter which was received early this spring from the athletic authorities of Leland Stanford University by the stewards of the Poughkeepsie regatta came as a surprise to the gentlemen who have the direction of the big athletic event in charge. The Leland Stanford crew intimated that an invitation to its university to send a crew East from California would be acceptable. Cornell, Columbia and Pennsylvania are the colleges which compose the Hudson River Regatta Commission, and after due deliberation they sent word that their colleges would be very glad to compete with the Western university on the Hudson.

### Interest on Pacific Coast.

In the last ten years interest in rowing has made great strides on the Pacific coast, and there has been talk in previous years of some of the crews journeying East. It was thought by the majority of critics that the length of the journey would be prohibitive, but with a victory over the eight of the University of California and the University of Washington to their credit the Leland Stanford supporters believe that their crew has a good chance of winning a race which will be truly national in scope.

Syracuse University has shown evidence of possessing a first class crew. The up-State combination decisively defeated the strong Naval Academy eight for two miles some weeks ago, and Ten Eyck, the rowing adviser of the college, admits that he has hopes of seeing his charges win the race at Poughkeepsie. It must be remembered, however, that the Hudson River course is four miles. The annual race between the eights of the University of Wisconsin and the Minnesota Boat Club, which was rowed on Lake Mendota a short time ago, indicated the fact that Wisconsin will be in the race for honors next Saturday. The college men crossed the line eight lengths ahead of their club rivals and never raised their stroke above thirty-four to the minute. Wisconsin has been making a plucky fight for honors. Each spring the Middle Westerners make their long pilgrimage to the Hudson, and there are many non-combatants in rowing strife who would like to see them win the great race for which they have been preparing so long. The University of Pennsylvania is one crew the prospects of which cannot be characterized as promising. In preliminary races the Quakers have been beaten by the Naval Academy, Columbia and Princeton.

The Yale University crew went to the starting line of the New London regatta absolutely untried. They did not row a single preliminary race. It was stern, patient and unbending effort from the time "Jim" Rodgers, the graduate crew coach, sent out his call for candidates. The whole sum total of their success or failure, for which they worked for forty weeks was based on a twenty minute row. It is no wonder that in the past history of this race it has taken years for captains of losing teams to recover from the disappointment of a defeat.

Princeton has closed the book of its 1912 rowing history. The Orange and Black has not figured in any of the four mile regattas, but this is only the second year that the Princetonians have been able to meet other colleges on the water. This spring the Tigers have defeated Pennsylvania and given Columbia a fair fight in one two mile regatta. In a second race, rowed on the Charles River, they gave Harvard a scare. Cornell won that race, but Harvard only beat out the Tigers by a few feet for second place, and this showing, taken in conjunction with the victory of the freshman eight over the first year boat of Yale, has proved that Princeton is destined to be reckoned with in intercollegiate rowing.

Taking the Princeton chapter and anticipating the climax of the season which must result from the race which will be rowed at Poughkeepsie, and the big Yale-Harvard contest which took place on the Thames, it must be admitted that the present year is the most remarkable in the history of American competition on the water. The expense of a varsity crew comes high. Last year it cost close to $20,000 to beat the Harvard crew which won from Yale at New London, and the receipts amounted to only $4,221. Pretty expensive sport it is, and far removed from the days when Yale and Harvard students got together to have a friendly competition on the water. Yet rowing is generally admitted to be the cleanest sport which is on the university calendar. It's a long, hard grind, where the excitement and chances for the spectacular notoriety of the diamond and gridiron are exceedingly discouraging. In every other athletic team there are men whose athletic efforts can be ascribed to a desire to capitalise athletic reputation, but the oarsman is generally a college student of the finest type. As "Old John" Kennedy used to say at New Haven:—

"No mucker ever made a varsity crew."

### ANDY'S EMIGRATION.

Andy was the janitor in one of the large private schools for girls in New York. Every one, from the principal to the youngest girl, loved him, and he was equally devoted to them. His one fault, and that was a whimsical one that only endeared him the more, was a tendency to bemoan the day that he ever left Bonnie Scotland. He had emigrated after the death of his young wife in early manhood, but nothing in America profited by his comparison with what he had left. He often talked about going back to Scotland, but he was regarded as such a fixture in the school that no one paid much attention to his remarks. Consternation, therefore, prevailed when Andy announced with Scotch determination that he was "going back." Coaxing was without avail. "I'm going back to my own house," he asserted, "and I'm going to be buried beside my own wife." His ticket was bought and he was given a great send-off, which gratified him greatly.

A well recommended negro took Andy's place, but he could not fill it. No more were the brasses on the front door kept shining, as in Andy's day. The new janitor showed no such personal interest in the school as his predecessor had always manifested. Many were the wishes expressed that Andy were not so attached to his native land and that he might have been content to abide forever in that school. No one expected these idle wishes to be fulfilled, and it was a wonderful surprise when Andy appeared without warning one day, looked in disgust at the brass on the front door, hunted up the polish and went to work.

Andy had not found the little old Scotch house very comfortable, after the years that he had accustomed himself to steam heat and other luxuries. His family had not been over cordial when they found that his visit was to be indefinitely prolonged, and most of the friends of his youth had disappeared or were uncongenial. "And it was no comfortin' to stand by her grave an' be thinkin' that I'd soon ha' one next to it," he concluded, "so I just thought I would come back, and it's sore need I was."

### FISHING FLIES.

THE makers of "flies" for fishermen are constantly devising new and ingenious forms thereof, and the earth is ransacked for feathers and hair with which to complete the lures for the unwary fish. All manner of queer materials enter into the manufacture of these "flies," such as, for instance, bears' eyebrows and mouse whiskers.

The business done in mouse whiskers is very considerable, for these are an important factor in the making of a fly known as "the gray gnat." Trout rise very much better, it is claimed, at mouse whisker flies than at the same "gnat" dressed in jungle-cock hackles, although they look very much alike.

Bears' eyebrows, for the reason that they are stiff and have exactly the right hue, are employed in the making of a fly that is extensively used in salmon fishing. These eyebrows are taken from the Himalayan brown bear and are quite expensive.

American fly makers employ agents all over the world to look for birds that will supply material for the best fly hackles. One of the most sought after skins is that of the rare "screamer," an African bird about the size of a hen, that shows a tiny bunch of feathers on each shoulder worth about $15 a bunch to the fly maker. One of these birds will, it is estimated, supply feathers in sufficient quantity to make only one-half dozen flies.

Fly manufacturers point with pride to the fact that there is no limit to the enthusiasm of their designers. These experts become extraordinarily rapid in turning out the flies. Only about fifteen minutes, it is said, is required by the best workmen to make a fly, consisting of a tiny hook, with wings of Egyptian dove feather, legs of fox hair and a body of mouse fur, wound round with a thread of yellow silk.